

INDIANA PYTHIANS TO HAVE ADDITION

Dramatic Order of "Knights of Khorassan" to Be Organized.

FRIDAY IS THE DAY SET.

OBJECT OF THE NEW BRANCH IS TO CULTIVATE THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE—NOW 136 TEMPLES IN THE COUNTRY.

Letters have been received by local Pythians, calling upon them to gather in Indianapolis next Friday night for the purpose of taking preliminary steps toward reorganizing the dramatic order, Knights of Khorassan.

Especial interest attaches to the move in the minds of those who are taking the step, for the reason that there is an understanding with the powers that be in the order that if a successful organization is effected in Indianapolis, no charter will be issued for another lodge in Indiana, this meaning that the Indianapolis organization would have members from all parts of the state, the only lodge of the kind now existing in Indiana being at Muncie.

The order stands in about the same relation to the order of Knights of Pythians as does the Scottish Rite to Masonry. To join the Dramatic Order of Knights of Khorassan, a man must be a member of the Knights of Pythians in good standing.

The D. O. K. K. is a dramatic and social organization to which only a Pythian in good standing can belong. Its possibilities in this state are unlimited. Its object is to cultivate the social side of life and to present an opportunity for those who enjoy sociability to spend an evening or two each month in association with kindred spirits, where they may participate in ceremonies entertaining and amusing. It also creates and broadens acquaintance among Pythians, furnishing a common ground upon which members of different lodges can meet and know one another, thus breaking those lines of separation which often exist between the separate organizations. There are now 136 temples in the United States, and all are in flourishing condition.

CIGARETTES THE BOY'S DOWNFALL

It is held that Roy Coombs is in every sense a cigarette fiend.

TO BE DEPRIVED OF SMOKES

JUDGE CONVERSE HAS ORDERED THE SHERIFF NOT TO ALLOW HIM TO SMOKE WHILE CONFINED IN COUNTY JAIL.

Pope Pius Has Just Celebrated a Jubilee of His Priesthood. Scenes Connected With His Active Life.



Pope Pius, X, has just celebrated a jubilee of his priesthood. The picture at the left shows Signora Saito, the Pope's mother, at the right is a picture of His Holiness himself, in the medallion in the centers shows a little church at Reist, where he first officiated as a priest fifty years ago, and below is the house in which the Pope was born.

A CLOCK IN A BOTTLE.

The Way This Marvel of Mechanism Was Constructed.

A German clockmaker living in the little village of Gommer, near Magdeburg, built a clock in a bottle. The maker, H. Rosin, secured a strong movement with a cylinder escapement measuring forty-five millimeters and began by sawing the plate into halves. The opening in the neck of the bottle measures fifteen millimeters, and in order to get these halves into the bottle he cut another segment off each of the halves of the plate. He built a sort of tripod as a resting place for the movement. This tripod was assembled after he had introduced its parts into the bottle separately. The tripod is so constructed that it cannot turn when the movement is being wound. The four pieces of the plate were fastened side by side by means of screws to the platform attached to the tripod, a long screwdriver and other tools especially constructed for the purpose having been used for this operation. When the plate was put together, the clockmaker proceeded to put all the parts of the movement in their original places with the motion wheels for the hands. A ring of white metal was placed around the neck of the bottle, and upon this ring was soldered a round plate, thus closing the opening. On this cover were fastened in an inclined position the arms which serve as a support for the dial.

The dial is made of ground glass plate, which has a diameter of twenty centimeters. The black numbers on the dial are in skeleton fashion and cemented to the glass. At night one can tell the time by placing a light behind the dial.—Technical World.

THE HUMAN TONGUE.

Eloquent Even When It Does Not Articulate a Word.

It is never necessary for the tongue to talk in order to tell that you are ill or the nature of your illness. The tongue of the dumb is quite as eloquent when viewed by an experienced physician as the tongue of the most talkative person.

It is a wonderful organ and should be studied by all parents, not only on their own account, but on account of their offspring. It aids in mastication of food, in drinking, in sucking, in articulation, and contains in its mucous membrane the peripheral organs of taste. There are doctors who will spend half an hour feeling of your pulse and listening to your heart beats. There are others who command, "Stick out your tongue." One glance at your tongue will tell them the tale.

Tremulousness of the tongue when it is protruded is a positive sign of various nervous diseases. But by far the commonest cause of this tremulousness is an excessive indulgence in alcohol. There is an old rule about looking into a man's eye to tell if he be a habitual usher. It often fails. Drink in some men excites the lachrymal glands, causing the eye to appear watery. But all of us know men who have watery eyes, yet never touch liquor. But the best and final test is the tongue. It is the only sign that cannot be concealed. If a man seeking employment swears on a stack of Bibles that he does not drink, and then sticks out his tongue, if it trembles he is a liar.—New York Press.

Young Coombs, it is said is in every sense of the term a "cigarette fiend." In the city court Saturday when Coombs was arraigned before Judge Converse on a charge of assault and battery, the court administered to him a severe lecture on the evils of cigarette smoking, but the lecture apparently failed to make any impression on the boy. Judge Converse asked him if he would not promise to "swear off" smoking cigarettes while at the county jail, but Coombs refused to take the oath. Judge Converse then said he would take steps to see that he received no "coffin nails" while confined at the institution.

The judge has informed Sheriff Merdith of the condition the excessive use of cigarettes has brought young Coombs to, and has requested the sheriff to see that the lad is forced to abstain from the habit while he is a prisoner at the bastile.

"For some time Roy Coombs has caused the police department considerable trouble," a police officer states. "He has stolen various things, but when taken into custody would stoutly deny his guilt, it would be known positively that Coombs was guilty, but lack of proper evidence would prevent making charges against him and it would be necessary to give him a severe lecture and then turn him loose. Coombs finally got to believe he was immune from arrest. The sentence given him Saturday by Judge Converse and the order that he be deprived of cigarettes while in jail will, I believe, do the boy much good."

How He Was Buried.

A man returned to his native village after having emigrated to Kansas some twenty years previous. He asked about different villagers he had known in the old days and finally of the town drunkard of his time.

"Oh, he's dead," was the reply.

"Well, well! Dead and buried, is he?"

"Nope. They didn't bury him."

" Didn't bury him?" exclaimed the former resident. "Well, then, what did they do with him?"

"Oh, they just poured him back in the jug!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY

SOCIETY NEWS

To Reach the Society Editor, Call Home Phone 1121, or Bell Phone 21.

Tuesday evening a social will be given at First Presbyterian church at 7:30 o'clock under the auspices of the Men's club. This will be the first of a series of social events to be given during the winter. The event is public to members and friends of the congregation. Mr. W. C. Hall, of Indianapolis, a traveling salesman, will address the meeting. He is a prominent leader in the forward movement of the church. A good time is anticipated and all men of the congregation are cordially invited. The officers of the club are:

President—Mr. Judson Rupe. Vice President—Mr. George Seidel. Secretary—Mr. James Judson. Treasurer—Mr. Edwin Wilson.

The Silent Club, a newly organized club, will hold its first meeting Tuesday of next week. Mrs. Howard Ridge of North Sixteenth street, will be the hostess. Point euchre is the game played, the membership being twelve.

The Martha Washington sewing circle, held a meeting this afternoon. Mrs. William Fry of 221 South Fourth street, was the hostess. The hours are pleasantly and profitably spent at needlework.

Mrs. S. E. Beery of 115 South Twelfth street, will be hostess for the foreign missionary society of First M. E. church. Tuesday afternoon.

Combs Made of Old Shoes.

A mountain of old boots and shoes, indescribably ugly, indescribably filthy, lay in the factory yard.

"We'll make combs out of them," said the chemist, "combs that will pass through the perfumed and lustrous locks of the most beautiful girls. Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"Very."

Yet it's a fact. That is what becomes of all the world's old shoes. They are turned into combs. The leather is first cut into small pieces and immersed two days in a chloride of sulphur bath; then it is washed, dried and ground to powder; then it is mixed with glue or gum and pressed into combs.

Miss Clara Comstock and Miss Elizabeth Comstock left Sunday for the west, where they will spend the remainder of the winter for the benefit of the former's health.

It makes good enough combs, but I prefer the rubber ones myself."—Exchange.

"Oh, they just poured him back in the jug!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Noah Hutton will be hostess

Hundreds of persons are taking advantage of our next-to-nothing prices during our

January Slaughter Sale

Overcoats Half Price Suits One-Fourth Off NONE RESERVED.

10 Big Departments. Every one filled with matchless bargains. The kind that are unusual--even for this store.

Are You Taking Advantage?

THE RAILROAD STORE

STORIES OF IBSEN.

The Buttons He Sewed on and His Good Wife's Comment.

Some amusing anecdotes of Ibsen have been published by the Norwegian writer, John Paulsen, who was on intimate terms with him for many years, says the New York Sun. One of his stories he prefacing with the remark that, however much the dramatist upheld the rights of women, he by no means considered them superior to men in any line—in fact, he considered them inferior in many spheres in which the world in general puts them ahead. One of his maxims was:

"No woman could write a cookbook, and no woman can sew a button on a coat."

He lived up to the latter part of his dictum. When he detected a loose button on any of his garments he retreated to his own den, locked himself in and with elaborate preparations sewed the button on.

He took as much pains with it as he would with the final fair copy of one of his plays. Then he used to brag about the performance, saying that he wouldn't put trust in a button sewed on by any woman, not even by his wife.

His wife used to laugh with a quietly ironical expression on these occasions. She confided to Paulsen that she secretly reserved all the buttons that the poet had sewed—sewed them good and tight, as only a woman can, she said, explaining that he always forgot to fasten the th. I. and the buttons would come off in a few days if she did not look after them.

"But don't undeeve him," the faithful wife added appealingly. "It makes him so happy to think that he did it."

So, Paulsen remarks, there was a hidden lie in the life of the great apostle of frankness and truth. One day in Munich Ibsen asked Paulsen in the most concerned way whether he polished his own shoes in the morning. With a feeling of indescribable guilt Paulsen confessed that he didn't.

"But you ought to," Ibsen urged. "You will feel a different man if you do. No man should let another do for him what he can do for himself."

"Begin with polishing your shoes and you will soon come to keeping your room in order, even to making your own fires. In this way you will gradually develop into a self-reliant man, independent of servants and all other people."

Ibsen was extremely sensitive about any one finding out the least hint regarding any incomplete work that he had in hand. He never revealed a plot, an incident or a scrap of dialogue until the work was completed.

Once his wife picked from the floor a scrap of paper with the words, "the doctor says," upon it. She asked her husband jestingly what the doctor did say and who he was.

He declared that he was not safe in his own house; he was surrounded with spies. All his ideas were ruined, his plans thrown away.

He was only pacified when his wife showed him the paper and explained where she had found it. The play was "An Evening of the People;" the "doctor" was Stockmeyer.

Many gymnasts and athletes, especially those who do bar or ring work, wear shoes of all heavy cotton or duck. These shoes are really heavy stockings. The gymnast relies upon the foot as a firm foundation for his or her feats.—Boston Globe.

Ibsen's Cruise of the "ARABU"

16,000 tons, Rue, large, unusually steady.

TO THE ORIENT

February 6 to April 17, 1908.

Seventy days, costing only \$400.00 and up, including shore excursions. Special features: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, 19 days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc.

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York.

SHOP AT **ROMEY'S**
FURNITURE-BEDDING-PICTURES
925-927-929 MAIN ST.

Naples, Jan. 6.—Mount Vesuvius, after a month or more of comparative quiet, has again resumed activity, huge columns of flame and smoke are arising from large fissures at the summit of the crater.

Owing to the fact that cod seek their